SHIKWAH, JAWAB-I-SHIKWAH
(REPRESENTATION AND REPLY)
English Rendering, Transliteration with
Comparative Urdu Text
Raja Sultan Zahur Akhtar
IQBAL ACADEMY PAKISTAN

SHIKWAH, JAWAB-I-SHIKWAH
(REPRESENTATION AND REPLY)

English Rendering, Transliteration with Comparative Urdu Text

By
Raja Sultan Zahur Akhtar

IQBAL ACADEMY PAKISTAN

Publisher	Muhammad Suheyl Umar Director IQBAL ACADEMY PAKISTAN 6th Floor, Aiwan-i-Iqbal, Lahore.
1st Edition	1998
Quantity	900.
Price	Rs. 200/- Pakistani USS 6 - £ 4
Printed at	M.S. Printers, Lahore.

ISBN 969 - 416 - 028 - 6

Sales Office : 116-McLeod Road, Lahore.
Ph : 7357214

DEDICATION

To Raja Hasan Akhtar,
my father and spiritual guide
who inspired me with the thoughts of Iqbal,
I dedicate this work with pride

PREFACE

I know Sultan Zahur Akhtar since his childhood. His father, late Raja Hasan Akhtar, was a close friend of Allama Iqbal. His relationship with the family allowed young Zahur Akhtar to become a part of the household and to imbibe the ideas and message of Iqbal's poetry at an early age. Later on, after the death of Iqbal, Zahur continued his studies under the able guidance of his father who inculcated in him a sense of the sacred, love for his religion and for his homeland. These qualities manifested in his services for the Pakistan movement, his unflinching and life long devotion to his religion and community and the interest he maintained in literary activities throughout his professional career. He has written in Urdu, Panjabi, Pothohari and English. Iqbal's poetry has always been the center of his interests. Lately, he has prepared this translation of Iqbal's *Shikwa* and *Jawab-i-Shikwa*. These poems of Iqbal have always captured the imagination of the men of letters and thus, over the years, have seen many translations. Zahur's attempt is unique in that it not only gives an English rendering of these poems but provides a transliteration of the Urdu text as well which caters to the needs of a large readership, living in the West, who are no longer able to read the Urdu text. I hope it would be a welcome and useful addition to the growing literature on Iqbal and the translations of his works

(Javid Iqbal)

INTRODUCTION

Most of Iqbal's mature poetry defies translation. More it defies, the more it attracts the attention of men of letters interested in his poetry who cherish a desire to convey his message to a large prospective readership which is not able to read his poetry in its original Urdu or Persian version. It is particularly true of his famous poems *Shikwah* and *Jawab-i-Shikwah* as well as of his master piece *Masjid-i-Qurtubah*. The former two poems, which together provide a unified vision of the predicament of the Muslim Ummah vis-a-vis its historical situation, have always been read as a single conceptual unit and have usually been translated together. Over the years there have been several attempts to render these poems into English verse and prose. As early as 1934 Altaf Husain published his versified English rendering of *Shikwah* and *Jawab-i-Shikwah* entitled *Iqbal's Complaint and Answer* (Orientalia, Lahore) which went into two subsequent editions of 1948, 1954 partly for its quality of translation and partly because there were no rivals on the scene. A.J. Arberry was the next to prepare a translation of the poems in English verse (Shaikh Ashraf, rept. 1987, Lhr.) He knew very little Urdu and had to rely on the prose rendering provided to him by Mazharud Din Siddiqi. This obvious drawback seriously impaired the quality of the translation making it much inferior to his other translations of Iqbal.

Nawab S. Mahmood Ali Khan Tyro translated the poems under the title *"Remostrance"* and *"Response to Remostrance"* (Iqbal Academy, Hyderabad) and published it along with the Urdu text. This attempt was not able to improve upon the earlier endeavors.

Khushwant Singh — novelist, journalist and historian — persuaded by the chancellor of Jamia Urdu, Aligarh, undertook to translate the poems in 1981. The publication was presented with the Urdu text in *nasta'liq* and Devanagri Script. It was a success and saw three more editions in the following ten years. In his *Iqbal — A selection of the Urdu Verse* (S.O.A.S. University of London, 1993) David Mathews translated *Shikwah* also. It was in English Prose and lacked the charm and accuracy of the earlier translations.

All of these translations have their relative points of merit and demerit. There is room for improvement in each of these attempts which has less to do with the qualifications of the translators than the difficulty inherent in the task of capturing the historical and spiritual overtones of Iqbal's verse in translation as well as in successfully reproducing Iqbal's idiom, steeped as it is in Islamic lore, in a foreign language.

This realization has invited many other scholars to take up the challenge. Several projects are at different stages of completion. Sultan Zahur Akhtar is the first of these men of letters who have tried to accept this daunting challenge again and has produced an English translation of *Shikwah* and *Jawab-i-Shikwah*. His long association with Iqbal's family, his knowledge of both the languages and his understanding of the salient historical and religious motifs of Iqbal's poetry afford him the possibility to do it from a vantage point. If the early birds have their privileges the scholars working at the end of the day have advantages as well. They can enrich their efforts by the experiences and endeavors made by others who had gone before them.

A translation seldom surpasses the original in the case of classics of poetry. At the most it can aspire to come near the original as best as it can. If it succeeds in remaining faithful to the original and in capturing a reasonably readable style and idiom it can find its place in the ranks of authentic and acceptable representations of the original message. The translation presented here may not be declared as the best but it has its own merits that secures for it a special place in the growing literature of Iqbal translations. Apart from this the volume includes a transliteration of the Urdu text which is particularly useful for the readers who are interested in Iqbal's poetry but can not read the Urdu script. We hope that it would be helpful for a wider dissemination and better awareness of Iqbal's message.

(Dr. Waheed Quraishi)

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

Allama Dr. Sir Muhammad Iqbal is the Poet, thinker and philosopher of Islam. He is the thinker and originator of the Ideology of Pakistan. His poetry, in stages, turned from romance into Indian Nationalism and then, through study and immense love for the Prophet of Islam, was Islamacised. Finally, through his revolutionary and fantastic ideas, it turned, into Pan-Islamism.

He is not only regarded as a "symbol" in Pakistan but is also a mark in the World of Islam. In the first four decades of the 20th century, through his poetry in Urdu, Persian, and English prose, he has given constructive thinking to the youth of the sub continent and Islam. His verses and ideology (which has been translated in many languages) is ever lasting. He is thus living, and will always live in future. Accordingly, as "Zinda Rud", i.e. "ever living" or "ever lasting", in his poetry he thus is the poet, thinker and the philosopher of tomorrow, and of any devolution any where in the Muslim World.

My late father Raja Hasan Akhtar, in 1924 AD, met him in Lahore as a student. Later in his life, as a civil servant, he remained his associate till his demise on April 21, 1938. In fact he was on his bed side. That night at about 00-30 hr's he whined about pain in his chest. My father wanted, through a doctor present there, that he may have a pain killer or a tranqualizer. On that the Allama replied

that he did not want to die in coma. In fact he wanted to face death boldly in his senses. He then recited his Persian verses to him.

Nishānē marde momin bā tu gōyam,
chūṇ marg āyed tabassum bar labē ūst.

To you I reveal, true and devoted Muslim's sign
While death accosts, smilingly, wends to the Divine.

At about 3.30 AM he again complained about a terrific pain in his chest and requested my father to bring Hakim Qarashy who was his physician. Before my father left he recited him his Persian verse which is in the book complied after his demise, *Armughān-e-Ḥijāz.*

Sarūde rafta bāz āyed kē nāyed,
Nasime az Ḥijāz āyed kē nāyed.
Sar āmad rūzgārē iṇ faqirē,
Digar dānā'ē rāz āyed kē nāyed.

The past tune of Lyre, may come or not.
Nerving breeze of Hijaz may come or not.
The time of this humble has consummated.
That, intimate of the un known, may come or not

At about 4.30 AM he recited the *"Kalima"* and with an eternal smile on his lips, expired. His head spontaneously turned towards holy Ka'bah.

During 1934-38 my father was posted at Lahore. After his demise he got himself posted out of Lahore. During

those four years we lived near his house Javid Manzil. In this period I became acquainted with his son Javid Iqbal, a [illegible] the boy, few years elder to me. This age difference never was or is a hindrance in mutual respect and understanding amongst us.

Myself and my two brothers were named by Allama Iqbal. He named me Zahur Akhtar, younger to me Mahmood Akhtar and the last Masud Akhtar. During our stay at Lahore I was a constant visitor to Javid at Javid Manzil. I remember Iqbal to be a very kind and considerate person with love and feeling for the children and the youth of Islam. He called them Javid, Shaheen and Falcons in his works. He was kind and liked my association with Javid.

My tutelage has been from Hissar, Lahore, Sheikhupura and from Punjab University. Later I joined Muslim University Aligarh where from I did my Bachelors degree in Science. Here the daily conversation was mostly done in Urdu. I was a sports man and a good student. There I took part in the Pakistan movement in 1945-46. I have been awarded Gold medal for the services then by the Government [illegible]. Later I joined Engineering College Moghalpura and qualified in Civil Engineering in 1949. In early fifties I joined Punjab irrigation Department as Sub Divisional Officer. I did not like the civil life and went into the army where I served up to December [illegible]. In October

963 my father died and I asked for the retirement which was granted

Since then, from 1964 to date i.e 1996, I am busy doing social work in my native place Kahuta. As a student of Iqbal and other masters I have written several articles on Engineering, Social Welfare, Hobbies, History of the Sub Continent, Politics and Literature in English, Urdu, Potohari and Punjabi in different International, National and Regional magazines and daily papers. I am also an author of three Urdu prose works, one Urdu poetry, one Potohari and one Punjabi mystic poetry books. After 1965 during civil life I held several appointments and was member of many boards and committees in the subjects mentioned above. I have been a member of Markazia Majlis-i-Iqbal and Member of Markazi Majlis-i-Tehrik-i-Karkunan-i-Pakistan. Now I am President of Majlis-i-Karkunan-i-Tehrik-i-Pakistan Islamabad and Rawalpindi Division.

I, as such, have attended several conferences and seminars abroad due to association with Iqbal and Pakistan; at times I was asked to preside over Iqbal days, Pakistan Days and Quaid-i-Azam's birth anniversaries. On all these occasions a reference to Iqbal's poetry and recitation of his verses becomes essential. After these meetings the younger generation of Pakistanis living abroad who have been born there and cannot read or write Urdu complained that they can understand Urdu poetry of the mas-

ters but cannot read it in Urdu Script. They desired that if someone could transliterate Iqbal's and other master's poetry and works so that it could be beneficial to them. Taking this in view I decided to translate the Urdu version of *Shikwah* (Representations) and *Jawāb-i-Shikwah* (reply) both written by Iqbal in about the first decade of this century in Roman Urdu as first venture for them. This language (Roman Urdu) I had read in the army in early fifties. In those years some of British Officers and Non Commissioned Officers were still present in my Corps of Engineers where I was an Officer. Therefore my style of transliteration into the Roman Urdu is that of the Army. I was, however, advised to adhere to the transliteration code developed by the IRI Islamabad which is included in the following pages. While turning with the melody of these verses, I being a meek poet in the rhythm started rendering these into English poetry also.

During this period in a meeting of the Markazia Majlis-Iqbal at Lahore, I had the occasion of meeting Dr. Waheed Qureshi Director Iqbal Academy Lahore. He very kindly applauded my efforts translating Iqbal's poetry. He advised me to read the English versions of three noted scholars: Mr. Altaf Hussain the Editor of *Dawn*, a Prominent Journalist who translated the works in remarkable English in 1943. It was published by Sh. Muhammad Ashraf from Lahore. This I had read while I was a student of Aligarh University. The second, was by

Prof. A. J. Arberry in 1955. He was Professor of Arabic in Cambridge University. This also has been published by Sh. Muhammad Ashraf. The third has been by Mr. Khushwant Singh. He is a famous scholar as well as a politician in India. This has been published by Oxford Press in 1981. He has given Hindi version in his book of the verses also.

I read all the three versions with devotion. The style of poetry of the three gentlemen is different from one another. These learned personalities with sentiments have done salient job. I do not consider myself qualified to comment on the excellent work they have done. My own poetry is *Chār Harfi* or *Rubā'i* therefore I have adopted that style which is more expository and is adopted by Mr. Altaf Hussain also. I can humbly point out about them that their idiom is not Urdu. Mr. Altaf Hussain is a Bengali, Mr. A.J. Arberry is a British, Mr. Khushwant Singh is a Hindu. All these noted souls might have read Urdu but have limited erudition in it. In fact, during their noted work they must have taken help of some one who converted Iqbal's verses of Urdu into their dialect before they could translate it. Thus at many places the spirit and words of expressions of the verse in their noble thinking appears to be lacking. I would humbly yeild that I have an edge on all of these learned dignitaries because of training by Iqbal, education, age, consistent study, knowledge and the following facts:

a. I am a Pakistani, my national language is Urdu.

b. As a youngster, I heard verses of Iqbal, their necessity and meanings from my father. I also had read *Shikwah* and *Jawāb-i-Shikwah*, many times at home. As such I am akin to the spirit and the emotion of these verses.

c. I was educated at Muslim University Aligarh where Urdu has been the medium of conversation. Thus the message of this language is part of myself.

d. I have an immense study of Urdu and English Poetry of the mavens and I also have written in both myself.

In this book on a single page I have presented Iqbal's [illegible] verse in Urdu, transliterated these and then [illegible] them into English Poetry. I hope my humble effort will be appreciated by those who desired the [illegible]. In this venture I have been ably guided and [illegible] by Dr. Waheed Qureshi, to which I am indebted. M[illegible] has been kind to check and advise on the transliteration and English poetry of this [illegible]. My son M[illegible] Akhtar, Advocate went through the draft and helped me in computer [illegible]. [illegible] discussed with me the meaning and the spirit of Iqbal's verses. To both I am thankful.

Sultan Zahur Akhtar

Kahuta
27-11-1996

TRANSLITERATION TABLE

ء medial	'	ف	:	f	بھ	:	bh
ء final	'	ق	:	q	پھ		ph
ء initial	: not expressed	ک	:	k	تھ		[illegible]
ا	a	گ	:	g	ٹھ	:	ṭh
ب	: b	ل		[illegible]	جھ		[illegible]
پ	: p	م	:	m	چھ		ch
ت	[illegible]	ن		[illegible]	دھ		dh
ث	: th	ں	:	ṇ	ڈھ		ḍh
ٹ	: ṭ	و	:	w	کھ	:	kh
ج	: j	ہ	:	h	گھ	:	gh
چ	: ch	ة		at e.g. sunnat			
ح	: ḥ	ۃ		at (in construct form) e.g. sunnat al-Rasūl			
خ	: kh	ی		y			
د	: d	ال	:	al- (’l in construct form) e.g. Abū			
ذ	: dh						
ڈ	: ḍ						
ر	: r						
ڑ	: ṛ						
ز	: z						
ژ	: zh						
س	s						
ش	: sh						
ص	: ṣ						
ض	: ḍ						
ط	ṭ						
ظ	: ẓ						
ع	: '						
غ	: gh						

VOWELS

Short	ـَ	:	a
	ـِ		i
	ـُ	:	u
Long	ـَا	:	ā
	ـِی		ī
	ـُو		ū
	و		ō
	اے	:	ē

DIPTHONGS

ـَو	aw
ـَی	ay
ـَے	ae
Double	
ـُوّ	uwwa
ـِیّ	iyya
ـَنّ	anna

عطف : ــو (اردو / فارسی)

اضافت : ــِ (اردو / فارسی)

SHIKWAH

(REPRESENTATION)

1 *Kyūn ziyānkār banūṇ sūd farāmōsh rahūṇ*
Fikr-i-farda na karūn mahw-i-gham-i-dōsh rahūṇ
Nālē bulbul kē sunūn awr hamatan gōsh rahūṇ
Hamnawā maēn bhi kō'i gul hūṇ keh khāmōsh rahūn
Jur'at āmōz mēri tāb-i-sukhan hāe mujh kō
Shikwah Allāh sē khākam badahan hāe mujh kō

Why should I suffer loss,
And abstain to quest what avail I may?
Nor image of what tomorrow retains,
And despond over sorrows of yesterday?

Why should my ears entrenched hear
The doleful cries of the nightingale?
O fellow - bard! a posy am I,
To loose me in sweet music's dilate?

For I too have the gift of note,
Which gives me mettle to complain,
But alas! it is Creator Himself,
To whom in gloom I must explain!

کیوں زیاں کار بنوں سود فراموش رہوں

فکرِ فردا نہ کروں محوِ غمِ دوش رہوں

نالے بلبل کے سنوں اور ہمہ تن گوش رہوں

ہم نوا میں بھی کوئی گل ہوں کہ خاموش رہوں

جرأت آموز مری تابِ سخن ہے مجھ کو

شکوہ اللہ سے خاکم بدہن ہے مجھ کو

Hē bajā Shēwa-i-taslīm mēn mashūr haen ham
Qissa-i-dard sunātē haen keh majbūr haen ham
Sāz-i-khāmōsh haen faryād sē ma'mūr haen ham
Nālā ātā hae agar lab pē, tō ma'dhūr haen ham
Ae khudā Shikwa-i-arbāb-i-wafā bhi sun lē
Khūgar-i-hamd sē ṭhōṛā sa gilā bhi sun lē

I grant that we have earned the name,
As ever conforming to the fate.
But to there still a tale of pain,
I can no longer help relate.

We are like a silent lute,
Whose cords have painful voice,
While anguish, distends on the lips,
We cry, have no choice.

O Lord! hear thou, these sad wails
From those of established fidelity,
From lips wonted but to hail
Hear thou these words openly!

ہے بجا شیوۂ تسلیم میں مشہور ہیں ہم

قصۂ درد سناتے ہیں کہ مجبور ہیں ہم

سازِ خاموش ہیں، فریاد سے معمور ہیں ہم

نالہ آتا ہے اگر لب پہ تو معذور ہیں ہم

اے خدا شکوۂ اربابِ وفا بھی سن لے

خوگرِ حمد سے تھوڑا سا گلہ بھی سن لے

3 *Thī to mawjūd azal sē hī tērī dhāt-i-qadīm*
Phūl thā zēb-i-chaman par na parēshān thī shamīm
Shart insāf hai ae sāhib-i-altāf-i-'amīm
Bū-i-gul phailtī kis tarh jō hōtī na nasīm
Ham kō jam'iyyat-i-khātir yē parīshānī thī
Warna ummat tērē mahbūb kī dīwānī thī

From when endless time began,
Thy dateless Self had also been,
But then no breeze its aroma stretch
The blossom ruled as garden's queen

Thyself being just, should concede,
O Best! from whom all favours flow,
Wether breeze had not moiled in love
Its aroma the people would not know?

The joyous labor we quested for Thee
Rejoiced our spirits and was our vanity
Imagine Thou the disciples of Thy confidant
Deftly spread so wide the truth of Thee

تھی تو موجود ازل سے ہی تری ذات قدیم
پھول تھا زیبِ چمن پر نہ پریشاں تھی شمیم
شرطِ انصاف ہے اے صاحبِ الطافِ عمیم
بوئے گُل پھیلتی کس طرح جو ہوتی نہ نسیم
ہم کو جمعیتِ خاطر یہ پریشانی تھی
ورنہ اُمت ترے محبوب کی دیوانی تھی؟

4 *Ham sē pehlē thā 'ajab tērē jahān kā manẓar*
Kahīn masjūd thē pathṭhar, kahīn ma'būd shajar
Khūgar-i-paēkar-i-mahsūs thī insān kī naẓar
Māntā phir kō'ī andhēkhē khudā kō kiyūnkar
Tujh kō ma'lūm hē lētā thā kō'ī nām tirā
Quwwat-i-bāzū-i-muslim nēn kiyā kām tirā

Before we arrived, how strange was a view
Was this most comely world of Thine!
To the stones Idols, the humans bowed,
And to the Trees they succumbed sometime'

The human mind was unenlightened
And to believe in God, one couldn't see
It's known that no one uttered Thy name
And also knew, not worshiped Thee'

And you know that even once
No one did Thy name recite?
It was the strength of Muslim arms
That met Thy task and gave them light

ہم سے پہلے تھا عجب تیرے جہاں کا منظر

کہیں مسجود تھے پتھر، کہیں معبود شجر

خوگرِ پیکرِ محسوس تھی انساں کی نظر

مانتا پھر کوئی اَن دیکھے خدا کو کیونکر

تجھ کو معلوم ہے لیتا تھا کوئی نام ترا؟

قوتِ بازوئے مسلم نے کیا کام ترا

5 *Bas rahē thē yahin saljūq bhi, tūrāni bhi*
Ahl-i-chin chin men, irān mēn sāsāni bhi
Isi ma'mūrē mēn, ābād thē yūnāni bhi
Isi dunyā mēn yahūdi bhi thē nasrāni bhi
Par terē nām pe talwār uthā'i kis nēn
Bāt jō bigri hu'i thi wo banā'i kis nēn

On this earth, once lived,
The Saljuks and Turanians.
In China dwelt the Chinese,
And in Iran the Sassanians.

And in Thy peopled world anywhere
The Greeks of Greece held their sway,
While Jews were along with them
The Christians also held their day.

Which amongst these people raised
The cutting sword in holy cause,
And who strove to fight the wrong
And set the world with Thy laws?

بس رہے تھے یہیں سلجوق بھی تورانی بھی

اہلِ چیں چین میں ایران میں ساسانی بھی

اسی معمورے میں آباد تھے یونانی بھی

اسی دنیا میں یہودی بھی تھے نصرانی بھی

پر ترے نام پہ تلوار اٹھائی کس نے

بات جو بگڑی ہوئی تھی وہ بنائی کس نے

6 *Ṯhē hamīṇ ek tirē ma'rakā ārā'ōṇ mēn*
Khushkiyōn mēṇ kabhi lartē kabhi daryā'ōn mēṇ
Dīn adhānēṇ kabhi yōrap kē kalīsā'ōṇ mēn
Kabhi afriqa ke taptē hu'ē sehrā'ōṇ mēṇ
Shān āṅkhōṇ mēn na jachti thi jahāndārōn ki
Kalimah parhtē ṯhē ham chā'ōṇ mēṇ talwārōṇ ki

It was we alone who marched
As warriers, none else but, we.
And upon the land we also fought,
And battled upon the sea.

Our Azan's call rang out
In Churches of European lands,
And made this magic tune,
Over Africa's blazing sands.

The glamour of our conquerors
Regal glories were disdained.
Under the shade of flashing swords
The *"Kalima"* was proclaimed.

تھے ہمیں ایک ترے معرکہ آراؤں میں

خشکیوں میں کبھی لڑتے کبھی دریاؤں میں

دیں اذانیں کبھی یورپ کے کلیساؤں میں

کبھی افریقہ کے تپتے ہوئے صحراؤں میں

شان آنکھوں میں نہ جچتی تھی جہانداروں کی

کلمہ پڑھتے تھے ہم چھاؤں میں تلواروں کی

Ham jō jītē the to jangōn kī musībat kē liye
Awr martē thē tērē nām kī 'aẓmat kē liyē
Thī na kuch tēgh zanī apnī ḥukōmat kē liyē
Sar bakaf phirte thē kiya dahr mēṇ dawlat kē liyē
Qawm apnī jō zar-o-māl-i-jahān par martī
But farōshī ke 'iwaḍ but shikanī kiyōṇ Kartī

We lived then, only to face,
The distress of Thy wars,
To eulogize Thy name we perished,
Decorated with battle scars.

Not to win an empire for ourselves,
We drew our swords and inspired,
We roamed hand in glove with death
Not for earthly riches, we desired

Our plebeians, if had striven,
For worldly riches and gold,
The Idols could never be smashed
Instead they could be sold.

ہم جو جیتے تھے تو جنگوں کی مصیبت کے لیے
اور مرتے تھے ترے نام کی عظمت کے لیے
تھی نہ کچھ تیغ زنی اپنی حکومت کے لیے
سربکف پھرتے تھے کیا دہر میں دولت کے لیے؟
قوم اپنی جو زر و مالِ جہاں پر مرتی
بُت فروشی کے عوض بُت شکنی کیوں کرتی!

8 *Ṯal na saktē thê agar jang mēṇ ar jāte thē*
Pā'on shērōn ke bhi maydāṇ se ukhar jātē thi
Tujh sē sarkash kō'i to bigar jātē thē
Tēgh kiyā chiz hu'ā, ham tōp se lar jātē thē
Naqsh tawhid kā har dil pe bithāyā ham nēn
Zēr-i-khanjar bhi yeh payghām sunāyā ham nēṇ

In the fray we stood our ground
And did not yield nor dread.
The lion hearted enemies were,
Uprooted in the battle and fled.

And those who rose against,
Our swift, grim anger faced.
What cared we, for their sabers,
Their canons we debased.

On human heart we set Thy seal,
Thy oneness "Tawhid" we impress.
And beneath the daggers point,
Proclaimed your message with stress.

ٹل نہ سکتے تھے اگر جنگ میں اڑ جاتے تھے

پاؤں شیروں کے بھی میداں سے اکھڑ جاتے تھے

تجھ سے سرکش ہوا کوئی تو بگڑ جاتے تھے

تیغ کیا چیز ہے ہم توپ سے لڑ جاتے تھے

نقش توحید کا ہر دل پہ بٹھایا ہم نے

زیر خنجر بھی یہ پیغام سنایا ہم نے

9. *Tū hī kach dē ke ukhārā dar-i-khaybar kis nēṇ*
Shehr qaysar ka jo thā us kō kiyā sar kis nēṇ
Tōrē makhlūq khudāwandon ke paekar kis nēn
Kāṭ kar rakh di'ē kuffār kē lashkar kis nēṇ
Kis nēn thandā kiyā ātashkada-i-irān kō
Kis ne phir zindā kiyā tadhkira-i-yazdāṇ kō

Tell, whose fierce valor once
Uprooted the gates of Khyber?
Who were they who reduced to nothing
The proudest capital of Caesar?

Who razed to dust the fake gods,
The things of straw, and clay?
And who cut to pieces the infidels
And destroyed their armies to slay?

And who quenched and cooled
The sacred flame in Iran?
And in that land told again
The story of "Yazdan"?

تو ہی کہہ دے کہ اکھاڑا درِ خیبر کس نے
شہر قیصر کا جو تھا اس کو کیا سر کس نے
توڑے مخلوق خداوندوں کے پیکر کس نے
کاٹ کر رکھ دیے کفار کے لشکر کس نے
کس نے ٹھنڈا کیا آتشکدۂ ایراں کو؟
کس نے پھر زندہ کیا تذکرۂ یزداں کو؟

10 *Kawn si qawm faqat tērī ṭalabgār hu'ī*
Awr tērē liyē zaḥmat kasha-i-paekār hu'ī
Kis kī shamshīr jahāngīr, jahāndār hu'ī
Kis kī takbīr sē dunyā tērī baedār hu'ī
Kis kī haebat sē ṣanam sehmē hu'ē rehtē thē
Munh kē bal gir kē hu Allahu aḥad kehtē thē

Which was the nation, there
Who needed Thee, as we sought?
Or fought the battles and the wars
That Thy super will be brought?

Whose conquering sword spread
The might of one and all?
And who stirred the mankind
With *"Takbeer"* clarion call?

Whose fear made stone Idols
Into fearful submission?
They fell on face submitting.
Admitting. God is one, only one!

کون سی قوم فقط تیری طلبگار ہوئی
اور تیرے لیے زحمت کشِ پیکار ہوئی

کس کی شمشیر جہاں گیر جہاں دار ہوئی
کس کی تکبیر سے دنیا تری بیدار ہوئی

کس کی ہیبت سے صنم سہمے ہوئے رہتے تھے
منہ کے بل گر کے ھُو اللہ احد کہتے تھے

11 *Ā gıyā 'aen larā'ı mēn agar waqt-ı-namāz*
Qıbla rū hō kē zamıṇ bōs hu'ı qawm-ı-hıjāz
Ēk hı saf mēṇ khaṛē hō ga'ē mahmūd-o-ayāz
Na ko'ı banda rahā awr na ko'ı banda nawāz
Banda-o-ṣāhıb-o-muhtāj-o-ghanı ēk hu'ē
Tērı sarkār mēṇ pohnchē to sabhı ēk hu'ē

In the midst of battle, hour came.
The time, every one went for pray
Men of "Hijaz", turned to Ka'aba
Kissed the earth, and quit from fray

The king Mahmood and slave Avaz,
In file, as equals they stood arrayed
The ruler was no more a master
When both, to one Lord they prayed.

Slave or master, the poor or rich,
No intent of dissent was felt.
Unified in adoration was to each,
O Lord! before Thee when they knelt.

آگیا عین لڑائی میں اگر وقتِ نماز
قبلہ رو ہو کے زمیں بوس ہوئی قومِ حجاز
ایک ہی صف میں کھڑے ہو گئے محمود و ایاز
نہ کوئی بندہ رہا اور نہ کوئی بندہ نواز
بندہ و صاحب و محتاج و غنی ایک ہوئے
تیری سرکار میں پہنچے تو سبھی ایک ہوئے

12 *Mehfil-i-kawn-o-makān mēn sahar-o-shām phirē*
Mae-i-tawhīd ko lē kar sifat-i-jām phirē
Koh mēn dasht mēn lē kar tērā paeghām phirē
Aur ma'lūm hae tujh kō kabhī nākām phirē
Dasht tō dasht haen daryā bhī na chhōrē ham nēn
Bahr-i-zulmāt mēn dawrā diyē ghōrē ham nēn

In the corridor of spell and stretch,
From morning to evening we spent.
Filled with the wine of Tauhid.
Like glasses around we went!

[illegible] versed
[illegible] ask
On no occasion we failed Thee
That s the matter we ask

Planes and deserts spanning.
We conquered rivers and seas
And on our steeds, we galloped
On oceans and their boundaries.

محفل کون و مکاں میں سحر و شام پھرے

مئے توحید کو لے کر صفتِ جام پھرے

کوہ میں، دشت میں لے کر ترا پیغام پھرے

اور معلوم ہے تجھ کو، کبھی ناکام پھرے!

دشت تو دشت ہیں، دریا بھی نہ چھوڑے ہم نے

بحرِ ظلمات میں دوڑا دیے گھوڑے ہم نے

Safha-e-dahr se bāṭil kō miṭāyā ham nēṇ
Nau'-e-insāṇ ko ghulāmī sē chhurāyā ham nēṇ
Tēre qur'ān ko sīnōṇ se basāyā ham nēṇ
Tēre qur'ān ko sīnōṇ se lagāyā ham nēṇ
Phir bhī ham se ye gila hai ke wafādār nahīṇ
Ham wafādār nahīṇ, tū bhī to dildār nahīṇ

We were who, doffed from this earth.
The pages, of falsehood stained.
We were who from despot drudgery.
Got the human race unchained.

We were who, bowed our brows
To Thy Holy Ka'aba's shrine.
We were thorax held.
Qur'an Thy Book Divine.

Even so, Thou have accused
We have lurked, the ardent's part,
If unfaithful, we have been.
Did Thou have won our heart?

صفحۂ دہر سے باطل کو مٹایا ہم نے

نوعِ انساں کو غلامی سے چھڑایا ہم نے

تیرے کعبے کو جبینوں سے بسایا ہم نے

تیرے قرآن کو سینوں سے لگایا ہم نے

پھر بھی ہم سے یہ گلہ ہے کہ وفادار نہیں

ہم وفادار نہیں تو بھی تو دلدار نہیں!

14 *Ummatēn awr bhi haen, un mēn gunāhgār bhi haen*
'Ijz wālē bhi haen, mast-i-ma'ē pindār bhi haen
In mēn kāhil bhi haen, ghāfil bhi haen, hushyār bhi haen
Saekrōn haen ke tirē nām sē bēzār bhi haen
Rehmatēn haen tiri aghyār ke kāshanōn par
Barq girti hae to bēchārē musalmānon par

There are people of other faiths,
In them some are the transgressors
There are humble lowly amongst them
And drunk with pride are others

In them are slugs and neglectful,
And some are endowed with brain
Many and hundred are the people,
Those who, despond Thy name.

Yet Thy bounties are being showered
On unbelievers and strangers all
Only on the abodes of poor Muslims
Your fury, like lightning fall!

امتیں اور بھی ہیں ان میں گنہگار بھی ہیں
عجز والے بھی ہیں مست مئے پندار بھی ہیں

ان میں کاہل بھی ہیں غافل بھی ہیں ہشیار بھی ہیں
سینکڑوں ہیں کہ ترے نام سے بیزار بھی ہیں

رحمتیں ہیں تری اغیار کے کاشانوں پر
برق گرتی ہے تو بیچارے مسلمانوں پر

5 *But sanam khānōn mēn kehtē haen musalmān ga'ē*
Hae khushī un ko ke ka'bē ke nigehbān ga'ē
Manzil-i-dahr sē ūntōn ke hudi khān ga'ē
Apni baghlōn mēn dabā'ē huē qur'ān ga'ē
Khandazan kufr hae, ihsās tujhē hae ke nahin
Apni tawhid ka kuch pās tujhē hae keh nahin

Yell the idols in the temples
The Muslims are, for ever gone.
Triumphant they are on their attainment
Guardians of Ka'aba are withdrawn.

From the canvas of the cosmos
The singing camel men have faded
In the bosoms and their armpits
Clasping "Quran" have vacated.

Infidels smirk and snicker
Are Thou art even aware.
For the message of Thy "Tawhid"
Do Thou self even care.

بت صنم خانوں میں کہتے ہیں مسلمان گئے

ہے خوشی ان کو کہ کعبے کے نگہبان گئے

منزلِ دہر سے اونٹوں کے حدی خوان گئے

اپنی بغلوں میں دبائے ہوئے قرآن گئے

خندہ زن کفر ہے احساس تجھے ہے کہ نہیں

اپنی توحید کا کچھ پاس تجھے ہے کہ نہیں

16. *Yē shikāyat nahin, haeṇ un kē khazāne ma'mur*
Nahin meḥfil mēn jinhēṇ bāt bhi karnēṇ kā shu'ūr
Qehr tō yē hae ke kāfir ko milēṇ ḥūr-o-quṣūr
Awr bēchārē musalmāṇ kō faqaṭ wa'da-i-ḥūr
Ab woh alṭaf nahin, ham pe 'ināyāt nahin
Bāt ye kiyā hae ke pehli si madārāt nahin

Not that we brood and complain
Their riches and treasures overflow
They who have no modes or manners
Nor of prudish speech they know.

Infinite injustice, here and now are
Beauties and bounties, to infidels given
And to poor Muslim are the promises
Of the houris when he goes to Heaven

No favours and Thy kindness
Is shown and given any more
What has happened, where is affection
Thouself showed, in past and yore

یہ شکایت نہیں ہیں اُن کے خزانے معمور
نہیں محفل میں جنھیں بات بھی کرنے کا شعور

قہر تو یہ ہے کہ کافر کو ملیں حور و قصور
اور بیچارے مسلماں کو فقط وعدۂ حور

اب وہ الطاف نہیں ہم پہ عنایات نہیں
بات یہ کیا ہے کہ پہلی سی مدارات نہیں

17. *Kiyūn musalmānōṇ meṇ hae dewlat-i-dunyā nāyab*
Tēri qudrat to he woh jiski na ḥad hae na ḥisāb
Tū jo chāhē to uṭhē sina-i-saḥrā se ḥubāb
Rahraw-i-desht hō sach zada-i-mawj-i-sarāb
Ṭa'n-i-aghyār hae, ruswā'i hae, nādāri hae
Kiyā tirē nām pe marnēṇ wālōṇ kā 'iwad khāri hae

Why no more are worldly riches
And wealth amongst Muslims found
Great is Thy might, beyond any limit
Has no measure or bound.

If Thouself willed foaming fountains
Could bubble from dusty land,
And Mirage-bound a traveler be
When walking through the sand.

All we own is taunts of aliens,
Public shame and poverty!
Is disgrace be our reparation,
For waiving life for Thee?

کیوں مسلمانوں میں ہے دولتِ دنیا نایاب

تیری قدرت تو ہے وہ جس کی نہ حد ہے نہ حساب

تو جو چاہے تو اٹھے سینۂ صحرا سے حباب

رہروِ دشت ہو سیلی زدۂ موجِ سراب

طعنِ اغیار ہے رسوائی ہے ناداری ہے

کیا ترے نام پہ مرنے کا عوض خواری ہے

18 *Bani aghyār ki ab chāhnē wāli dunyā*
Reh ga'i apne li'ē ēk khayāli dunyā
Ham to rukhsat hu'ē awrōn nē sambhāli dunyā
Phir na kehnā hu'i tawhid se khāli dunyā
Ham to jitē haen ke dunyā mēn tira nām rahē
Kahin mumkin hae ke sāqi na rahē jām rahē

For strangers now the world stows,
The benevolence and esteem:
For those who move on Thy path,
Is a spectrum world and dream'

Others have taken over the World,
And our days are by gone and done
Say not then, there is no "Tawhid,"
Or no one believed, God is one.

All we live for in the world,
To hear the recall of Thy name,
Can this ever be possible,
The "saqi" departs and cups remain

بنی اغیار کی اب چاہنے والی دنیا

رہ گئی اپنے لیے ایک خیالی دنیا

ہم تو رخصت ہوئے اوروں نے سنبھالی دنیا

پھر نہ کہنا ہوئی توحید سے خالی دنیا

ہم تو جیتے ہیں کہ دنیا میں ترا نام رہے

کہیں ممکن ہے کہ ساقی نہ رہے جام رہے

19 *Tērī mehfil bhī ga'ī chāhnē wālē bhī ga'ē*
Shab kī āhēn bhī ga'īn, ṣubḥ kē nālē bhī ga'ē
Dil tujhe dē bhī ga'ē, apnā ṣilā lē bhī ga'ē
Ā ke bēṭhē bhī na thē keh nikālē bhī ga'ē
Ā'ē 'ushshāq, ga'ē wa'da-ī-fardā lēkar
Ab inhēṇ ḍhūnḍ charāgh-ī-rukh-ī-zēbā lēkar

Thy alive crowd is defused,
Thy livers too have gone.
Gone are mid night sighs,
And no moaning at dawn!

The hearts we offered and went
Took the wages Thee bestow.
But hardly had we been seated
Thouself ordered to go!

As devotees we had arrived
And went with promise of tomorrow
Now search for us with the light
That Thy beaming face does glow!

تیری محفل بھی گئی چاہنے والے بھی گئے

شب کی آہیں بھی گئیں صبح کے نالے بھی گئے

دل تجھے دے بھی گئے اپنا صلا لے بھی گئے

آ کے بیٹھے بھی نہ تھے اور نکالے بھی گئے

آئے عشاق، گئے وعدۂ فردا لے کر

اب انھیں ڈھونڈ چراغِ رخِ زیبا لے کر

20 *Dard-i-laelā bhi wohi, qaes ka pehlu bhi wohi*
Najd kē dasht-o-jabal men ram-i-āhū bhi wohi
Ishq kā dil bhi wohi, husn kā jādū bhi wohi
Ummat-i-Ahmad-i-mursal bhi wohi, tū bhi wohi
Phir yeh āzurdagi ghayr-i-sabab kyā ma'ni
Apnē shaedā'ōn peh yē chashm-i-gadab kyā ma'ni

The love of "Laila" is violent still.
And "Qais" desires her ever more.
On the "Najd" and the dales,
The swift footed deer is ever before.

The passion of heart is still unfold,
The Beauty is alluring and is magical
The followers of "Ahmad" still abide,
That Thy presence is eternal.

Then why is Thy high dislike
Neither rhyme nor reason is known.
What spells this, Thy eye is turned
From followers of Thy own?

وادیٔ لیلیٰ بھی وہی قیس کا پہلو بھی وہی

نجد کے دشت و جبل میں رمِ آہو بھی وہی

عشق کا دل بھی وہی حسن کا جادو بھی وہی

اُمتِ احمدِ مرسل بھی وہی تو بھی وہی

پھر یہ آزردگیٔ غیر سبب کیا معنی

اپنے شیداؤں پہ یہ چشمِ غضب کیا معنی

11 *Tujh ko chōrā keh rasūl-i-arabi ko chōrā*
But gari pesha kiyā, but shikani ko chōrā
'Ishq kō 'ishq ki āshufta sari kō chōrā
Rasm-i-salmān-o-awaes-i-qarani kō chōrā
Āg takbir ki sinōn mēn dabi rakhtē haen
Zindagi mithl-i-bilāl-i-habashi rakhtē haen

Did we abandon our faith to Thee?
Or to Thy "Messenger" cease to cling?
From idol-breaking did we tire?
And took to Idol-worshipping?

Did we forsake love and passion
Cause of grief which it is fought?
Or give up feelings of "Salman"
Or omitted what "Uways Qarani" taught?

The flame of "Takbir" is hidden
Within our bossoms we nourish
The life of "Bilal" the black
Is a model that we cherish!

تجھ کو چھوڑا کہ رسولِ عربی کو چھوڑا

بت گری پیشہ کیا بت شکنی کو چھوڑا

عشق کو، عشق کی آشفتہ سری کو چھوڑا

رسمِ سلمان و اویسِ قرنی کو چھوڑا

آگ تکبیر کی سینوں میں دبی رکھتے ہیں

زندگی مثلِ بلالِ حبشی رکھتے ہیں

22 *'Ishq kī khaer wo pehlī sī adā bhī na sahī*
Jāda paemā'ī-i-taslīm-o-razā bhī na sahī
Muztarib dil sifat-i-qibla numa bhī na sahī
Awr pābandī-i-ā'īn-i-wafā bhī na sahī
Kabhī ham sē kabhī ghaerōn se shanāsā'ī hae
Bāt kehnē kī nahīn tū bhī to harjā'ī hae

Our affection may not be which was,
Nor has the same blandishment
Nor on same path of surrender,
Nor same way give assent.

If, unlike charged compasses,
The souls return now not to you
And if to laws of attachment
Our hearts are now less true,

Some time to us, at time to others
Thou hath affection shown,
It is not that one should say
Thyself is untrue to Thy own.

عشق کی خیر وہ پہلی سی ادا بھی نہ سہی

جادہ پیمائی تسلیم و رضا بھی نہ سہی

مضطرب دل کی حکایت قبلہ نما بھی نہ سہی

اور پابندیِ آئینِ وفا بھی نہ سہی

کبھی حسرت کبھی غیروں سے شناسائی ہے

بات کتنی ہی سہی تو بھی تو ہرجائی ہے

23 *Sarē fārāṉ pe kiyā dīn ko kāmil tū nē*
Ik ishārē mēn hazārōn ke li'ē dil tū nē
Ātash andōz kiyā 'ishq kā ḥāsil tū nē
Phūnk di garmi-i-rukhsar sē mehfil tū nē
Āj kiyūn sīnē hamārē sharar ābād nahin
Ham wohi sōkhta sāmaṉ haeṉ, tujhē yād nahiṉ

On peak of mount "Faran"
Thou didst the "Faith" a form.
With single Divine gesture drew,
Millions souls by storm

Thou set ablaze the quest of love,
Which had been our aim.
The flaming beauty of Thy cheeks,
Set the entire world aflame

Ah, why today in our numbed hearts,
The sparks doesn't glow at all?
Still are we, that inflammable stuff,
Have Thou slighted all?

سرِ فاراں پہ کیا دین کو کامل تو نے

اک اشارے میں ہزاروں کے لیے دل تو نے

آتش اندوز کیا عشق کا حاصل تو نے

پھونک دی گرمیِ رخسار سے محفل تو نے

آج کیوں سینے ہمارے شرر آباد نہیں

ہم وہی سوختہ ساماں ہیں تجھے یاد نہیں؟

24 *Wādi-i-najd mēn wō shōr-i-salasil na rahā*
Qaes diwāna-i-nazzāra-i-mahmil na rahā
Ḥawsalē who na rahē, ham na rahē, dil na rahā
Ghar ye ujrā he ke tū rownaq-i-mehfil na rahā
Ē khushā rōz ke ā'i-o-basad nāz ā'i
Bē hijābāna sū'ē mehfil-i-mā bāz ā'i

The vale of "Najd" no longer tolls
The sound of "Qais's" chains
No more he glimpse "Laila's" sedan
No more his eyes he strains.

The cravings of the heart are dead,
Our heart is cold, and so are we.
The ruination fills our home
As shines not, the light of Thee.

Blessed day' return, hundred times
With all Thy beauty and grace!
Past Thy veil and thrive my bunch,
So, we view Thy comely face!

وادیِ نجد میں وہ شورِ سلاسل نہ رہا

قیس دیوانۂ نظارۂ محمل نہ رہا

حوصلے وہ نہ رہے، ہم نہ رہے، دل نہ رہا

گھر یہ اجڑا ہے کہ تو رونقِ محفل نہ رہا

اے خوشا آں روز کہ آئی و بصد ناز آئی

بے حجابانہ سوئے محفلِ ما باز آئی

25 *Bāda kash ghayr haen gulshan mēn labe jū baethē*
Suntē haen jām bakaf naghma-i-kū kū baethē
Dūr hangāma-i-gulzār sē yak sū baethē
Tēre diwāne bhi haen muntazir-i-hū baethē
Apnē parwānon ko phir dhawq-i-khud afrōzī dē
Barq-i-dērina ko phir farmān-i-jigar sōzī dē

Drunken aliens in the garden,
By the fountain are sitting.
Sparkling glasses in their hands
They listen the "Cuckoo" singing!

Away from disorder in the garden
Quiet in a corner seated too,
Love aching loonies await
Thy furor igniting spice of "Hoo"!

Ignite in Thy moths the urge
To burn themselves on the flare,
Kindle again the ancient lightning,
Mark our souls with Thy name!

بادہ کش غیر ہیں گلشن میں لبِ جو بیٹھے

سنتے ہیں جام بکف نغمۂ کوکو بیٹھے

دور ہنگامۂ گلزار سے یکسو بیٹھے

تیرے دیوانے بھی ہیں منتظرِ ہو بیٹھے

اپنے پروانوں کو پھر ذوقِ خود افروزی دے

برقِ دیرینہ کو فرمانِ جگر سوزی دے

26 *Qawm-i-awāra 'inān tāb hae phir sū'ē hijāz*
Lē urā bulbul-i-bē par ko madhāq-i-parwāz
Mudtarib bāgh ke har ghunche me hae bū'ē niyāz
Tu dharā chaer to dē tishna-i-midrāb hae sāz
Nahgmē bētāb haen tārōn se nikalnen ke li'ē
Tūr mudtar hae isi āg mēn jalnēn ke li'ē

The wandering nation towards Hijaz
Turn their yenning eyes!
As wingless nightingale takes to wings
For love of the open skies!

Each flower in the garden longs to glow
To free the aroma in its body;
So awaits the lute the plectrum,
Touch its cords listen to its melody!

Anxious and restless are notes
To flare out of the strings.
"Toor" is twittering keenly
To be ignited by Thy lightning!

قوم آوارہ عناں تاب ہے پھر سوئے حجاز
لے اڑا بلبلِ بے پر کو مذاقِ پرواز
مضطرب باغ کے ہر غنچے میں ہے بوئے نیاز
تو ذرا چھیڑ تو دے، تشنۂ مضراب ہے ساز
نغمے بیتاب ہیں تاروں سے نکلنے کے لیے
طور مضطر ہے اسی آگ میں جلنے کے لیے

27 *Mushkilēn ummat-i-marḥūm ki āsāṇ kar dē*
Mūr-i-bē māỵā ko hamdōsh-i-sulaemān kar dē
Jins-i-nāỵāb-i-muhabbat ko phir arzāṇ kar dē
Hind ke daer nashinoṇ ko muslman kar dē
Jō'ē khūṇ mi chakad az hasrat-i-dērina-i-mā
Mi tapad nālā ba nashtar kada-i-sina-i-mā

Resolve the troubles of the plabes
Ease the burden they bear,
Raise the scant under foot ant
And make it "Sulayman's" peer!

Give ample that dainty love
Cheapen its lofted fees.
Turn the India's temple sitters
Into Loyal Muslims of Thee.

My Heart's cravings are unfulfilled
Constantly the life blood drain.
My bosom is dagger gashed.
Strive hard with the cry of pain!

مشکلیں امت مرحوم کی آساں کردے

مور بے مایہ کو ہمدوش سلیماں کردے

جنس نایاب محبت کو پھر ارزاں کردے

ہند کے دیر نشینوں کو مسلماں کردے

جوئے خوں می چکد از حسرت دیرینۂ ما

می تپد نالہ بہ نشتر کدۂ سینۂ ما

28 *Bū'ē gul lē ga'ī bērūn-i-chaman rāz-i-chaman*
Kiya qayāmat hae ke khud phūl haen ghammaz-i-chaman
Ahd-gul khatm hu'ā ṭuṭ gayā sāz-i-chaman
Ur gaē ḍālyon sē zamzama pardaz-i-chaman
Ek bulbul hae ke hae maḥw-i-tarannum ab tak
Us ke sīne mēn hae naghmōn ka talāṭum ab tak

The scent of the blossoms stole
The secrets of the garden away
What calamity! the traitor's role
The gardens buds ought play!

The garden's lyric is done,
The season of flowers is gone,
And from its perch upon the twig
Each hiss songster has flown.

A lonely nightingale sings on
In garden all day long,
Its throat beats with jungle still
And pours out its soul in song

بوئے گل لے گئی بیرونِ چمن رازِ چمن
کیا قیامت ہے کہ خود پھول ہیں غمّازِ چمن
عہدِ گل ختم ہوا ٹوٹ گیا سازِ چمن
اُڑ گئے ڈالیوں سے زمزمہ پردازِ چمن
ایک بلبل ہے کہ ہے محوِ ترنم اب تک
اس کے سینے میں ہے نغموں کا تلاطم اب تک

29 *Qumriyān shākh-i-sanōbar sē gurēzān bhī hu'īn*
Pattiyān phūl kī jhar jhar ke parēshān bhī hu'īn
Wo purānī rawashēn bāgh kī wīrān bhī hu'īn
Dāliyāṇ pairahan-i-barg sē 'uryāṇ bhī hu'īṇ
Qaid-i-mawsim se tabī'at rahī āzād us kī
Kāsh gulshan mēn samajhta kō'ī faryād us kī

The ring doves averse from the cypress,
Have from the garden flown,
The petals dismayed left the flower,
Letting boughs naked, have random strewn

Those ancient garden walks
Lie desolate and are shorn
Ravished of their leafy robes
Are stripped of, they had worn;

Unmoved by passing season's turn,
The songster sings alone;
Alas! if in this garden some
Could feel the clog of its moan!

قد ماہی شان صنوبر گوریاں تکدیاں نیں

پتیاں کھلیاں پکیاں جد تخت پیشاں بیٹھیاں نیں

دو پرانی روشیں باتاں کوریاں کجیاں جو نیں

ڈالیاں پتیاں بالکل لگیاں بیٹھیاں نیں

قید بسمہ جیت کی آہ سن

کاش گلشن تے جہت کوئی قدہا داس وی

30 *Lutf marnē me hē bāqi na mazā jinē mēn*
Ku<u>ch</u> mazā hae to yehi khūn-i-jigar pine mēṇ
Kitnē bētāb haeṇ jawhar mirē ā'inē mēṇ
Kis qadr jalwē taraptē haen mirē sinē mēn
Is gulistān mēn magar dēkhne wālē hi nahin
Dāgh sine mēṇ jo rakhte hōn wo lālē hi nahin

No gusto now is left in death,
Nor life can bring relief,
It's nice to sit alone and sigh
And take a sad souls grief.

Out from mirror of my mind
What gems of thought shine.
What visions' dreams superb,
Aspire in heart of mine!

No one is in the garden
To see, hear and attest:
No Tulip lies bleeding
Carrying scars on its chest.

لطف مے میں ہے باقی نہ اب جینے میں

کچھ مزا ہے تو ہے خونِ جگر پینے میں

کتنے احباب ہیں جو بس آئینے میں

کس قدر جلوے تڑپتے ہیں مرے سینے میں

اس گلستاں میں مگر دیکھنے والے ہی نہیں

داغ جو سینے میں رکھتے ہوں وہ لالے ہی نہیں

31 *Chāk is bulbul-i-tanhā kī nawā sē dil hōn*
Jāgnē wālē isī bāng-i-darā sē dil hōn
Ya'nī phir zinda na'ē 'ehd-i-wafā sē dil hōn
Phir isī bāda-i-dērina ke pyāsē dil hōn
'Ajamī khum hae to kyā, mae to hijāzī hae mīrī
Naghma hindī hae to kyā, lae to hijāzī hae mīrī

Let Nightingale's lonely song
Slice the hearts of all,
Let awake the hearts of the sleeping
With my clarion call!

Charged with fresh blood,
A new bond of faith we sing,
Let our hearts crave again
For thirst of classic wine!

The jar I possess be 'Ajami
The wine from "Hijaz" I serve
What, if the song is from "India
The "Hijazi" is its verve.

چاک اس بلبلِ تنہا کی نوا سے دل ہوں

جاگنے والے اسی بانگِ درا سے دل ہوں

یعنی پھر زندہ نئے عہدِ وفا سے دل ہوں

پھر اسی بادۂ دیرینہ کے پیاسے دل ہوں

عجمی خم ہے تو کیا، مے تو حجازی ہے مری

نغمہ ہندی ہے تو کیا، لَے تو حجازی ہے مری

JAWAB-I-SHIKWAH

(THE REPLY)

I-1 *Dil se jō bāt nikalti he athar rakhti hae*
Par nahin ṭāqat-i-parvāz magar rakhti hae
Qudsi ul asl hae, rif'at pe nazar rakhti hae
Khāk sē uthti hae, gardūn pe guzar rakhti hae
Ishq tha fitnagar-o-sarkash-o-chālak mirā
Āsmān chir gayā nāla-i-bēbāk mirā

Passion, streaming from the heart
Never fail to have effect.
But no! Blessed is its origin,
On heights its locus is set.

Though they have no wings,
Yet have power to fly,
And though from dust it rises,
Yet pierces through the sky.

So reckless and erratic was my passion,
Such clamor raised its sighs,
So intense was my plaint
It tore through the skies

دل سے جو بات نکلتی ہے اثر رکھتی ہے

پر نہیں، طاقتِ پرواز مگر رکھتی ہے

قدسی الاصل ہے، رفعت پہ نظر رکھتی ہے

خاک سے اٹھتی ہے، گردوں پہ گزر رکھتی ہے

عشق تھا فتنہ گر و سرکش و چالاک مرا

آسماں چیر گیا نالۂ بے باک مرا

I-2 *Pir-i-gardūn ne kaha sun ke, kahin hae kō'i*
Bolē sayyarē, sarē 'arsh-i-barin hae kō'i
Chānd kehta thā nahin, ahl-i-zamin hae kō'i
Kehkashān kehti thi, pōshida yahin hae kō'i
Kuch jo samjhā mire shikwē ko to ridwān samjhā
Mujhē janat se nikāla hu'ā insān samjhā

The aged sphere heard in amazement
Some one is some where, said he.
The planets paused and chimed in
On paradise some one must be.

Bright moon said "You are wrong
Some mortal from earth below"
The Milky way too joined parlays,
Some one is hiding here we don't know

Guardian of heavens "Rizwan" alone,
Could understand and recognize.
He made out for a human who
Had lost his paradise.

پیر گردوں نے کہا سن کے، کہیں ہے کوئی

بولے سیارے، سرِ عرشِ بریں ہے کوئی

چاند کہتا تھا، نہیں! اہلِ زمیں ہے کوئی

کہکشاں کہتی تھی، پوشیدہ یہیں ہے کوئی

کچھ جو سمجھا مرے شکوے کو تو رضواں سمجھا

مجھے جنت سے نکالا ہوا انساں سمجھا

J-3 *Thī farishtōn ko bhī ḥayrat ke ye āwāz hae kiyā*
'Arsh wālōn pe bhī khulta nahīṇ yē rāz hae kiyā
Tā sarē 'arsh bhī insān kī tag-o-taz hae kiyā
Ā gaī khāk kī chutkī ko bhī parwāz hae kiyā
Ghāfil ādāb sē sukkān-i-zamīn kaesē haen
Shōkh-o-gustākh ye pastī ke makīn kaesē haen

The angels, even could not tell
What was the vent so strange,
Whose covert sounded to exist above
The empyrean sense's range.

To heavens can ever a man attain
And reach these regions high?
Could tiny speck of mortal clay,
Has learnt such art to fly?

These beings of earth, how little
The manners do they know,
How rude and arrogant are they,
These mortals of tracts below

تھی فرشتوں کو بھی حیرت کہ یہ آواز ہے کیا

عرش والوں پہ بھی کھلتا نہیں یہ راز ہے کیا!

تا عرش بھی انساں کی تگ و تاز ہے کیا!

آ گئی خاک کی چٹکی کو بھی پرواز ہے کیا!

غافل آداب سے سکانِ زمیں کیسے ہیں

شوخ و گستاخ یہ پستی کے مکیں کیسے ہیں!

14 *Is qadr shōkh keh Allāh se bhi barham hae*
Thā jo masjūd-i-malā'ik ye wohi ādam hae
'Ālim-i-kaef hae, dānā'ē rumūz-i-kam hae
Hān magar 'ijz ke asrār se nā mahram hae
Nāz hae ṭāqat-i-guftār pe insānōṇ kō
Bāt karnē ka salīqah nahiṇ nādānōṇ kō

So lofty in his arrogance is he,
He dares even God berate!
Is this the "Adam" to whom, the bow
The angels once had made?

The virtues and quantum
He knew the secrets, true
The ways of lowliness as well
If he could little knew!

They are insolent in their speech
How arrogant these humans be,
They have no sense of conveying
And to use this art gracefully.

اس قدر شوخ کہ اللہ سے بھی برہم ہے
تھا جو مسجودِ ملائک، یہ وہی آدم ہے
عالمِ کیف ہے، دانائے رموزِ کم ہے
ہاں مگر عجز کے اسرار سے نامحرم ہے
ناز ہے طاقتِ گفتار پہ انسانوں کو
بات کرنے کا سلیقہ نہیں نادانوں کو

I-5 *Āī āwāz gham angaez hae afsāna tirā*
Ashk-i-bētab se labrēz hae paemāna tirā
Asmāṇ gir hu'ā na'ra-i-mastāna tirā
Kis qadr shōkh zubān hae dil-i-dīwāna tirā
Shukr shikwē ko kiyā husn-i-adā sē tū nē
Ham sukhan kar diyā bandōṇ ko khudā sē tū nē

Then came a Voice sympathetic:
Thy yarn is full of sorrow,
Thy tears twitter at the brim
And are ready to flow;

The Heaven itself has been roused
By thy flaming cries.
How wild tongued is thy heart
Which utters vicious melodies!

How fitly put has been thy plaint
Which sounded like a praise.
To speak on equal terms with us
Thou caused the humans a raise!

آئی آواز غم انگیز ہے افسانہ ترا

اشکِ بیتاب سے لبریز ہے پیمانہ ترا

آسماں گیر ہوا نعرۂ مستانہ ترا

کس قدر شوخ زباں ہے دلِ دیوانہ ترا

شکر شکوے کو کیا حسنِ ادا سے تو نے

ہم سخن کر دیا بندوں کو خدا سے تو نے

J-6. Ham tō mā'il ba karam haeṇ. kō'i sā'il hi nahiṇ
Rāh dikhlā'ēṇ kisē, rahraw-i- manzil hi nahiṇ
Tarbiyat 'ām tu hae, jawhar-i-qābil hi nahiṇ
Jis sē ta'mir ho ādam ki ye wo gil hi nahiṇ
Ko'i qābil ho to ham shān-i-ka'i dētē haeṇ
Ḍhūndanē wālōṇ ko dunyā bhi na'i dētē haeṇ

Ready are we, for endless treasures
But none is there, to pray?
None is on seekers trail
To whom, we point the way?

Tutelage is of course there
Worthy is none, for they were raised'
That clay in not available
With which another 'Adam' be made'

There is, if some one of grading
We would raise him to splendor.
And if some one, rating comes,
We give, new world of wonder.

ہم تو مائل بہ کرم ہیں کوئی سائل ہی نہیں

راہ دکھلائیں کسے رہروِ منزل ہی نہیں

تربیت عام تو ہے جوہرِ قابل ہی نہیں

جس سے تعمیر ہو آدم کی یہ وہ گِل ہی نہیں

کوئی قابل ہو تو ہم شانِ کئی دیتے ہیں

ڈھونڈنے والوں کو دنیا بھی نئی دیتے ہیں

17 *Hāt bē zōr haeṇ ilhad se dil khūgar haeṇ*
Ummati bā'ith-i-ruswā'i-i-paeghambar haeṇ
But shikan uth ga'ē, bāqi jō rahē butgar haeṇ
Thā brāhim pidar, awr pisar āzar haeṇ
Bādā āshām na'ē, bādā nivā, khum bhi na'ē
Ḥaram-i-ka'bah niyā, but bhi na'ē, tum bhi na'ē

No strength is in your hands
In your hearts we have no place,
To the name of the "Prophet"
The disciples bring disgrace;

The idol breakers are gone
Idol makers thrive.
The father was Ibraham
The sons, "Azars", survive.

New are glasses, and the drinkers
And new wine you brew.
A new Ka'aba has been built,
Thyself and idols are new!

ہاتھ بے زور ہیں، الحاد سے دل خوگر ہیں
امتی باعثِ رسوائیِ پیغمبر ہیں

بت شکن اٹھ گئے، باقی جو رہے بت گر ہیں
تھا براہیم پدر، اور پسر آزر ہیں

بادہ آشام نئے، بادہ نیا، خم بھی نئے
حرمِ کعبہ نیا، بت بھی نئے، تم بھی نئے

18 *Wō bhi din thē keh yehi māyā-i-ra'nā'i thā*
Nāzish mawsim-i-gul lālā-i-sahrā'i thā
Jō musliman thā Allah kā sawdā'i thā
Kabhi mahbub tumhāra yehi harjā'i thā
Kisi yakjā'i se ab 'ehd-i-ghulāmi kar lō
Millat-i-Ahmad-i-mursal kō maqāmi kar lō

Those were times when
This very One was taken as sublime
The "Tulip" of Muslims was pride
of desert, in burgeon time

Once every born Muslim
Loved the only "Allah" he knew
Some time "This" was thy Beloved
The same, thyself now call untrue.

Be gone! and with some local deity,
A new bond of indulgence sign
And the "Millat" of the Prophet
To some local space confine!

وہ بھی دن تھے کہ یہی مایۂ رعنائی تھا
نازشِ موسمِ گل لالۂ صحرائی تھا

جو مسلمان تھا اللہ کا سودائی تھا
کبھی محبوب تمہارا یہی ہرجائی تھا

کسی یکجائی سے اب عہدِ غلامی کر لو
ملتِ احمدِ مرسل کو مقامی کر لو

J-9 *Kis qadr tum pe girān subḥ kī bēdārī hae*
Ham se kab pyār hae, hān nīnd tumhēn pyārī hae
Tab'-i-āzād pe qaed-i-ramaḍan bhārī hae
Tumhīn keh do yehī ā'īn-i-wafādārī hae
Qawm madhhab se hae, madhhab jo nahīn tum bhī nahīn
Jadhb-i-bāham jo nahī, mehfil-i-anjum bhī nahīn

How heavy is to rise at dawn
How loathe are thou to rise
Never, thou are faithful to us
Slumbering is thy prize!

Care free is now thy nature
'Ramadan' fasting heavily press
Say it, and answer thyself
Is this the way of faithfulness!

Nations are born by faith,
With out the faith they die,
When there is no gravitation
The stars here and there fly.

کس قدر تم پہ گراں صبح کی بیداری ہے

ہم سے کب پیار ہے! ہاں نیند تمھیں پیاری ہے

طبعِ آزاد پہ قیدِ رمضاں بھاری ہے

تمھی کہہ دو یہی آئینِ وفاداری ہے؟

قوم مذہب سے ہے، مذہب جو نہیں، تم بھی نہیں

جذبِ باہم جو نہیں، محفلِ انجم بھی نہیں

I-10 Jin kō āta nahīn dunyā mēn ko'ī fan, tum hō
Nahīn jis qawm ko parwā-i-nashēman tum hō
Bijliyān jis men hon āsūdah wo khirman tum hō
Bēch khātē haen jo aslāf ke madfan tum hō
Hō nikō nām jō qabrōn kī tijārat kar kē
Kyā na bēcho ge jo mil jā'ēn sanam paththar kē

Those deprived of any skill,
In this world, are you
The only people who cares not
For their dwellings, are you.

The haystacks that conceals
Lightning fires, are you.
The creatures who sell
The tombs of elders, are you

Drawing profit out of graves
Has secured thou renown,
Thyself would not hesitate
In trading Gods made of stone.

جن کو آتا نہیں دنیا میں کوئی فن تم ہو

نہیں جس قوم کو پروائے نشیمن تم ہو

بجلیاں جس میں ہوں آسودہ وہ خرمن تم ہو

بیچ کھاتے ہیں جو اسلاف کے مدفن تم ہو

ہو نکو نام جو قبروں کی تجارت کر کے

کیا نہ بیچو گے جو مل جائیں صنم پتھر کے

I-11 Safha-i-dahr se bātil ko miṭāyā kis nēṇ?
Naw'-i-insān ko ghulāmi sē churāyā kis nēṇ?
Mērē ka'bē kō jabinōn se basāyā kis nēṇ?
Mērē Qur'ān ko sinōṇ se lagāya kis nēṇ?
Thē to ābā wo tumhārā hi magar tum kyā hō?
Hāth par hāth dharē, muntazir-e-fardā hō!

Who erased the dab of falsehood
From the pages of history?
Who liberated the human beings
From the chains of slavery?

On to the floors of my "Ka'aba"
Whose foreheads swept?
Who were those who clasped
The "Quran" on to their breasts?

Indeed, they were thy fore fathers;
Tell us what are thyself, we say;
With idle hands thou sit and wait
For the dawn of a better day!.

صفحۂ دہر سے باطل کو مٹایا کس نے

نوعِ انساں کو غلامی سے چھڑایا کس نے

میرے کعبے کو جبینوں سے بسایا کس نے

میرے قرآن کو سینوں سے لگایا کس نے

تھے تو آبا وہ تمہارے ہی، مگر تم کیا ہو

ہاتھ پر ہاتھ دھرے منتظرِ فردا ہو!

J-12 Kiyā kahā? behr-i-musalmān hae faqat wa'da-i-hūr
Shikwā bējā bhī karē kō'i to lāzim hae sha'ūr
'Adl hae fātir-i-hastī ka azal se dastūr
Muslim ā'in huā kāfir to milē hūr-o-qusūr
Tum mēn hūrōn ka ko'i chahne wālā hī nahīn
Jalwā-i-tūr to mawjūd hae mūsā hī nahīn

Did thou say we promised Muslims
"Hoors" only in paradise?
One should have manners
Even if there is reason to criticize.

Justice, is from time eternal
our sovereign rule.
When infidels become Muslims
We, offer Heavens gifts in pool.

There is none amongst you
Who could, Heavens gift aspire;
No "Moses" is left now
To see "Toor" at fire

کیا کہا؟ بہرِ مسلماں ہے فقط وعدۂ حور

شکوہ بے جا بھی کرے کوئی تو لازم ہے شعور

عدل ہے فاطرِ ہستی کا ازل سے دستور

مسلم آئیں ہوا کافر تو ملے حور و قصور

تم میں حوروں کا کوئی چاہنے والا ہی نہیں

جلوۂ طور تو موجود ہے موسیٰ ہی نہیں

I-13 Manfa'at ēk hae is qawm ki nuqsān bhi ēk
Ēk hi sab ka nabi, din bhi, imān bhi ēk
Haram-i-pak bhi, Allah bhi Qur'an bhi ēk
Kuch bari bāt thi hōtē jō musalmān bhi ēk
Firqa bandi hae kahin awr kahin dhātēn haen
Kyā zamānē mēn panapnē ki yehi bātēn haen

One are thou people,
Profit and loss thou share,
Your Prophet and creed is one,
The same truth thou declare.

Thy Ka'aba is one, God is one,
And one is the blessed Quran,
Still, divided each from each,
Lives every Mussalman.

There are sects all over,
And castes are some where,
In these times, are these ways,
To progress and to prosper?

منفعت ایک ہے اس قوم کی نقصان بھی ایک
ایک ہی سب کا نبی دین بھی ایمان بھی ایک
حرم پاک بھی اللہ بھی قرآن بھی ایک
کچھ بڑی بات تھی ہوتے جو مسلمان بھی ایک
فرقہ بندی ہے کہیں اور کہیں ذاتیں ہیں
کیا زمانے میں پنپنے کی یہی باتیں ہیں

I-14 Kawn hae tarik-i-ā'īn-i-rasūl-i-mukhtār?
Maslahat waqt ki hae kis kē 'amal kā mi'yār
Kis ki ānkhōn mēn samāya he shi'ār-i-aghyar
Ho ga'i kis ki negah tarz-i-salaf sē bēzār
Qalb mēn sōz nahin, rūh mēn ihsās nahin
Kuch bhi paegām-i-Muhammad ka tumhēn pās nahin

Who deserted the code and ethics
Of our messenger and His sanctions?
Whose temporal advantage are
The materialistic actions?

Whose eyes have been dazed
By stranger's ways and customs?
Who have turned their eyes away
From their ancestral tradition?

Thy hearts, have no passion
Thy souls have no zeal,
Thyself have no feelings for message
Which "Muhammad" did reveal

کون ہے تاک میں سوالِ حسرت

مصلحت وقت کی ہے کس کو سمجھائیں

کس کی آنکھوں میں تابِ شعاع آئیں

چال کس کی کس کے دل نے سمجھی ہے

قلب میں سوز نہیں تن میں سانس نہیں

کچھ بھی معلوم ہو مجھ کو یہ پتہ نہیں

I-15 Jā kē hōtē haen masājid mēn ṣafārā to gharīb
Zahmat-i-rōzā jo kartē haen gawāra to gharīb
Nām lētā hae agar kō'ī hamārā to gharīb
Parda rakhta hae agar kō'ī tumhārā to gharīb
Umarā nashsha-i-dawlat mēn haen ghāfil ham se
Zinda hae millat-i-baeḍā ghurabā kē dam sē

If any one, is in line for prayers
In mosques, it is the poor;
If any one suffers hunger,
During ramadan, it is the poor.

If any one ever bethinks,
About Us, it is the poor.
If any one covers,
Thy shoddy deeds, it is the poor

Drunk with liquor of means,
The opulent neglect Our due.
The zest of faith is alive
As the poor to Us are true.

جا کے ہوتے ہیں مساجد میں صف آرا تو غریب

زحمتِ روزہ جو کرتے ہیں گوارا تو غریب

نام لیتا ہے اگر کوئی ہمارا تو غریب

پردہ رکھتا ہے اگر کوئی تمھارا تو غریب

اُمرا نشۂ دولت میں ہیں غافل ہم سے

زندہ ہے ملّتِ بیضا غربا کے دم سے

I-16 Wā'iz-i-qawm ki wo pukhta khiyālī na rahī
Barq tab'ī na rahī sho'la maqālī na rahī
Reh ga'ī rasm-i-adhān, rūh-i-bilālī na rahī
Falsafā reh gayā, talqīn-i-ghazālī na rahī
Masjidēn marthiya khān haeṇ keh nimāzī na rahē
Ya'nī wō sāhib awsāāf ḥijāzī na rahē

The reverends are immature
No substance in what they preach,
No lightning is in their minds,
No fire is in their speech.

Call to prayers is routine
The spirit of "Bilal" is lacking
Philosophy is, of course there
Unheard is Ghazali's preaching!

The mosques yell and cry
No worshipers fill them for prayer,
The type of noble gentlemen
The "Hijazis" are not there.

واعظِ قوم کی وہ پختہ خیالی نہ رہی
برق طبعی نہ رہی شعلہ مقالی نہ رہی
رہ گئی رسمِ اذاں روحِ بلالی نہ رہی
فلسفہ رہ گیا تلقینِ غزالی نہ رہی
مسجدیں مرثیہ خواں ہیں کہ نمازی نہ رہے
یعنی وہ صاحبِ اوصافِ حجازی نہ رہے

I-17 Shōr hae hō ga'ē dunyā se musalmān nābūd
Ham ye kehtē haen ke thē bhi kabhi muslim mawjūd
Wad'a men tum hō nasārā to tamaddun mēn hunūd
Yeh musalman haen! jinhēn dēkh ke sharmā'ēn yahūd
Yūn to sayyid bhi ho mirzā bhi ho, afghān bhi hō
Tum sabhi kuch ho batā'ō to musalmān bhi hō

Loud are the utterances that,
Muslims, have faded from global face
We say, that the true Muslims,
Ever existed at any place?

Thy style is that of Christians,
Thy culture, is of Hindoos,
A Jew would be ashamed
To see the Muslims as you!

Thou art the Syeds and Mirzas,
And also are Afghans,
Of course thou art all these,
But are thyself a true Musalman?

شور ہے، ہو گئے دنیا سے مسلماں نابود

ہم یہ کہتے ہیں کہ تھے بھی کہیں مسلم موجود!

وضع میں تم ہو نصاریٰ تو تمدن میں ہنود

یہ مسلماں ہیں! جنھیں دیکھ کے شرمائیں یہود

یوں تو سید بھی ہو، مرزا بھی ہو، افغان بھی ہو

تم سبھی کچھ ہو، بتاؤ تو مسلمان بھی ہو!

I-18 Dam-i-taqrīr ṯhī muslim kī sadāqat bēbāk
'Adl us kā ṯhā qawī, lawth-i-marā'āt se pāk
Shajar-i-fitrat-i-muslim ṯhā hayā sē namnāk
Ṯhā shujā'at mēn wō ik hastī-i-fawqul idrāk
Khud gudāzī namē kayfiyyat-i-sahbāyash būd
Khālī az khēsh shudan sūrat-i-mīnāyash būd

When the Muslim spoke,
He was truthful and forth right,
Wieldy was his sense of justice
And was honorable and up right.

The tree of his conscience
Was fresh with modesty most rare.
In courage he was subtle,
His valor was beyond compare.

His self annulment was the entity,
As liquid is for liquor
As the vessel empties the liquor out,
Emptying itself for others, his pleasure

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

I-19 Har musalmān rag-i-bāṭil ke liye nashtar thā
Us ke ā'ina-i-hasti men 'amal jawhar thā
Jo bhrōsa tha usē quwwat-i-bāzō par thā
Hae tumhēṇ mawt ka dar, usē khudā kā ḏar thā
Bap ka 'ilm na bētē ko agar azbar hō
Phir pisar qābil-i-mirāth-i-pidar kiyūn kar hō!

To every vein of fallacy
Every Muslim was a knife.
In the Mirror of his being
The model was constant strife

On the muscles of his own arm,
Every Muslim used to rely
All he feared was his "God"
Thou fear and fear to die.

From, his fathers learning,
A son, secures no light
Then, on his fathers heritage
How will he, claim his right?

ہر مسلماں رگِ باطل کے لیے نشتر تھا

اس کے آئینۂ ہستی میں عمل جوہر تھا

جو بھروسا تھا اسے قوتِ بازو پر تھا

ہے تمھیں موت کا ڈر، اس کو خدا کا ڈر تھا

باپ کا علم نہ بیٹے کو اگر ازبر ہو

پھر پسر قابلِ میراثِ پدر کیونکر ہو

1.20 Har ko'i mast-i-ma'ē dhawq-i-tanāsani hae
Tum musalmān ho? yeh andāz-i-musalmāni hae
Haedari faqr hae, nae dawlat-i-uthmāni hae
Tum ko aslāf se kiyā nisbat-i-rūhāni hae?
Woh zamanē men mu'azzaz the musalmān hō kar
Awr tum khār hu'ē tārik-i-qur'ān hō kar

Each one is intoxicated, with
Joy of comfort beyond any strife.
Are thyself the Muslims
Is this, the Muslims way of life?

Thou don't own "Hayder's" contentment,
Nor "Uthman's" riches thou grew.
What spiritual relationship exists,
Between the progenitors and you?

For the fact, they were Muslims,
They were sublimed in their day
Thou, have abandoned "Qur'an"
Are spurned and cast away.

ہر کوئی مست مے ذوقِ تن آسانی ہے

تم مسلماں ہو! یہ اندازِ مسلمانی ہے؟

حیدری فقر ہے نے دولتِ عثمانی ہے

تم کو اسلاف سے کیا نسبتِ روحانی ہے؟

وہ زمانے میں معزز تھے مسلماں ہو کر

اور تم خوار ہوئے تارکِ قرآں ہو کر

1-21 *Tum ho āpas mēn ghadabnak, wo apas mēn rahīm*
Tum khata kāro-khatā bīn wo khatāposh-o-karīm
Chāhte sab haen ke hōn awj-i-thurayya pe muqīm
Pehlē vaesā ko'i paedā to karē qalb-i-salīm
Takht-i-taghfūr bhi unka tha sarīr-i-kae bhī
Yun hi bātē haen ke tum mēn wo hamiyyat hae bhī

Thou are cross with one another.
They were kind and understanding
Thou, tort thyself, see wrong in others.
They shielded others and were forgiving

To be at the top is the,
Hearts desire, of each one amid you'
First, produce such a soul.
Who can make the dream come true.

They held the realm of Cathy,
And scaled the Persian throne :
Where is the manly honor they had
Thou art great in words alone.

تم ہو آپس میں غضبناک، وہ آپس میں رحیم

تم خطاکار و خطابیں، وہ خطاپوش و کریم

چاہتے سب ہیں کہ ہوں اوجِ ثریا پہ مقیم

پہلے ویسا کوئی پیدا تو کرے قلبِ سلیم

تختِ فغفور بھی ان کا تھا، سریرِ کے بھی

یونہی باتیں ہیں کہ تم میں وہ حمیت ہے بھی؟

I-22 Khud kashi shēwa tumhāra, wo ghayūr-o-khud dār
Tum ukhuwwat se gurēzan, wo ukhuwwaāt pe nithār
Tum ho guftar sarāpa, wo sarāpa kirdār
Tum tarastē ho kali kō wo gulistān bakinār
Ab talak yād hae qawmōn ko hikāyat unki
Naqsh hae safha-i-hasti pe sadāqat unki

Self ruination is thy practice.
For honour and self respect were they known
Thyself are hesitant of fraternity.
They gave lives for their own.

Thou are oral and articulate.
They were of acts, deeds and power.
Thou crave for buds only.
Theirs was garden with every flower

Nations to this day recall.
The legends of their bravery
Their truth is still inscribed
Upon the scrolls of history

خودکشی شیوہ تمہارا، وہ غیور و خوددار

تم اخوت سے گریزاں، وہ اخوت پہ نثار

تم ہو گفتار سراپا، وہ سراپا کردار

تم ترستے ہو کلی کو، وہ گلستاں بکنار

اب تلک یاد ہے قوموں کو حکایت اُن کی

نقش ہے صفحۂ ہستی پہ صداقت اُن کی

I-23 Mithl-i-anjum ufuq-i-qawm pe rawshan bhi hu'ē
But-i-hindī ki muhabbat men brahman bhi hu'ē
Shawq-i-parwāz men mahjur-i-nashēman bhi hu'ē
Bē 'amal the hi jawān, din se badzan bhi hu'ē
Un ko tahdhib ne har band se azād kiyā
Lā ke ka'be se sanam khāne men abād kiyā

On the horizon of their nation
Were shown like stars of heaven.
Till, by Indian Garnish Idols
Turned thou into Brahmans.

In lust of flying, thou left,
The nest and took to open sky.
Void of actions were thy youth,
And to them their faith deny.

New culture removed all ties
And set them madly free.
And brought them out from "Ka'aba"
To settle in house of Idolatry!.

مثلِ انجم اُفقِ قوم پہ روشن بھی ہوئے

بتِ ہندی کی محبت میں برہمن بھی ہوئے

شوقِ پرواز میں مہجورِ نشیمن بھی ہوئے

بے عمل تھے ہی جواں، دین سے بدظن بھی ہوئے

ان کو تہذیب نے ہر بند سے آزاد کیا

لا کے کعبے سے صنم خانے میں آباد کیا

I-24 Qaes zahmat kash-i-tanhā'i-i-sahra na rahē
Shehr ki khā'ē hawā, bādiya pēma na rahe
Wo to diwāna hai basti mēn rahē ya na rahē
Ye darūri hai ke hijāb-i-rukh-i-lay'lā na rahe
Gila-i-jawr na hō, shikwa-i-bēdād na hō
Ishq āzād hai, kiyūn husn bhi azād na hō

"Qais" now can no longer,
Bear, the lonely deserts waste
They now breathe, the city airs,
For desert wastes, they have no taste.

He is crazy, may not choose,
The city as his abiding place?
Vital is that "Laila", should raise,
Her veil and show her lovely face!

End the demurs of inequity!
Nor speak of any tyranny!
When love has no yoke than why
Should beauty be not free?

قیس زحمت کشِ تنہائیِ صحرا نہ رہے
شہر کی کھائے ہوا بادیہ پیما نہ رہے
وہ تو دیوانہ ہے بستی میں رہے یا نہ رہے
یہ ضروری ہے حجابِ رُخِ لیلیٰ نہ رہے
گلۂ جور نہ ہو شکوۂ بیداد نہ ہو
عشق آزاد ہے کیوں حسن بھی آزاد نہ ہو

I-25 'Ahd-i-naw barq hae, ātash zan-i-har khirman hae
Aeman is se kō'i sehrā na kō'i gulshan hae
Is na'i āg ka aqwām-i-kuhan indhan hae
Millat-i-khatm-i-rusul shu'la be perāhan hae
Āj bhi hō jō Ibrahim kā imān paedā
Āg karsakti he andāz-i-gulistān paedā

The new age is lightning.
Inflamed, is every haystack.
Neither barren nor a garden
Is secure, from its attack

To this new fire, are the fuel
Old nations like faggots on a pyre
Disciples of the last "Messenger"
Are swilled in its fire.

Even if today the faith
Of "Ibraham" is made to glow,
Out of the Infidels fire,
A garden of blossoms will grow.

عہدِ نو برق ہے آتش زنِ ہر خرمن ہے

ایمن اس سے کوئی صحرا نہ کوئی گلشن ہے

اس نئی آگ کا اقوامِ کہن ایندھن ہے

ملتِ ختمِ رسل شعلہ بہ پیراہن ہے

آج بھی ہو جو براہیم کا ایماں پیدا

آگ کر سکتی ہے اندازِ گلستاں پیدا

I-26 Dekh kar rang-i-chaman ho na prēshan māli
Kawkab-i-ghuncha se shākhen haen chamakne wāli
Khas-o-khāshāk sē hōta hae gulistān khali
Gul bar andaz hae khūn-i-shuhadā ki lāli
Rang gardūn ka dhrā dekh to 'unnābi hae
Ye nikaltē huē sūraj ki ufaq tābi hae

Let the owner not be mournful
To see his garden's plight.
As soon the branches will be gay
With buds, with and beaming bright.

Leaves and weeds will be swept,
Out of the garden with broom,
Where the martyrs shed their blood
Crimson roses will bloom.

Look upon the deep vermilion
Brightening the eastern skies,
The glow on yonder horizon's brow,
Heralds a new sunrise.

دیکھ کر رنگِ چمن ہو نہ پریشاں مالی
کوکبِ غنچہ سے شاخیں ہیں چمکنے والی
خس و خاشاک سے ہوتا ہے گلستاں خالی
گل بر انداز ہے خونِ شہدا کی لالی
رنگ گردوں کا ذرا دیکھ تو عنابی ہے
یہ نکلتے ہوئے سورج کی افق تابی ہے

I-27 Ummatēn gulshan-i-hasti mēn thamar chida bhi haen
Awr mahrūm-i-thamar bhi haen, khazān dida bhi haen

Saenkrōn batn-i-chaman mēn abhi pōshide bhi haen
Nakhl-i-Islām namūna hae barūmandi kā
Phal hae yē saenkrōn sadiyōn ki chaman bandi kā
Saenkrōn nakhl haen kāhīda-o-bālīda bhi haen

In life's garden the people lived
Which collected fruits they toiled.
Others were who reaped nothing
Their harvest autumn destroyed.

Hundreds of plants whither.
Countless remain evergreen.
Hundreds are hid in earth's womb.
And yet are to be seen.

Islam, is an example of tree
Nursed with great care.
Centuries of its gardening
Have produced the fruits it bears.

امتیں گلشنِ ہستی میں ثمر چیدہ بھی ہیں
اور محرومِ ثمر بھی ہیں خزاں دیدہ بھی ہیں

سینکڑوں نخل ہیں کاہیدہ بھی بالیدہ بھی ہیں
سینکڑوں بطنِ چمن میں ابھی پوشیدہ بھی ہیں

نخلِ اسلام نمونہ ہے برومندی کا
پھل ہے یہ سینکڑوں صدیوں کی چمن بندی کا

I-28 Pak hae gard-i-waṭan sē sarē dāman tērā
Tū wo yūsuf hae ke har misr hae kin'āṇ tērā
Qāfila hō na sakē gā kabhī wīrān tērā
Ghaer yak bāng-i-darā kuch bhi nahīṇ samaṇ tera
Nakhl-i-sham'a asti-o-dar shu'la dawad resh a-i-tu
Āqibat sōz bawad sāya-i-andēsha-i-tū

Thy robes are not tainted.
By the dust of native land.
Thou art that "Yousaf" who has
His "Canaan" in every Egyptian sand

Never will , thy Caravan be.
Made to wander and to waste;
For the journey all thou have,
A starting bell, make haste.

Yea a candle-tree thou art.
In the glows, thy deep roots thrust.
By the umbra of thy thought.
To morrow's cares are baked to dust.

پاک ہے گردِ وطن سے سرِ داماں تیرا
تو وہ یوسف ہے کہ ہر مصر ہے کنعاں تیرا
قافلہ ہو نہ سکے گا کبھی ویراں تیرا
غیر یک بانگِ درا کچھ نہیں ساماں تیرا
نخلِ شمع استی و در شعلہ دود ریشۂ تو
عاقبت سوز بود سایۂ اندیشۂ تو

I-29 Tū na miṭ jā'ē gā īrān ke miṭ jānē sē
Nasl sha-i-mae kō ta'alluq nahīn paemānē sē
Hae 'ayāṇ yōrish-i-tātār ke afsāne sē
Pasbān mil ga'ē ka'be kō sanam khānē sē
Kishti-i-haq kā zamāne mēṇ sahāra tū hae
'Asr-i-naw rāt hae, dhundalā sa sitāra tū hae

Thou will not be decimated
Should Iran's star decline.
Its not the vessel which rules
The sinew of wine.

From the tales of "Tartar" hordes
It stands out, we can see.
The Ka'aba got its care takers
From the droves of idolatry.

On Time's Ocean thou preserve
The fragile vessel of True.
Modern age is rapt in shadows,
But thy star glints faintly through

تو نہ مٹ جائے گا ایران کے مٹ جانے سے

نشۂ مے کو تعلق نہیں پیمانے سے

ہے عیاں یورشِ تاتار کے افسانے سے

پاسباں مل گئے کعبے کو صنم خانے سے

کشتیِ حق کا زمانے میں سہارا تو ہے

عصرِ نو رات ہے دھندلا سا ستارا تو ہے

Hae jo hangāma bapā yōrish-i-Bulghārī kā
Ghāfilon ke liye paegham hae bēdārī kā
Tu samajhta hae, ye sāmān hae dilāzārī kā
Imtihan hae tire īthār kā, khuddārī kā
Kiyūn harāsān hae sahil-i-furus-i-a'dā sē
Nūr-i-haq bujh na sakē gā nafas-i-a'dā sē

The clamor bread by "Bulgarians"
The offensive and aggression,
Is to rouse thou out of vanity
And gird thy self for action.

Suppose not that to harm thy senses
It is a baleful device.
Is a claim to thy self respect,
And is call to sacrifice.

Why then twitter at the snorting
Of the war steads of thy foes?
The light Truth could not be quenched,
With breaths which the enemy blows

ہے جو ہنگامہ بپا یورشِ بلغاری کا
غافلوں کے لیے پیغام ہے بیداری کا
تو سمجھتا ہے یہ ساماں ہے دل آزاری کا
امتحاں ہے ترے ایثار کا خودداری کا
کیوں ہراساں ہے صہیلِ فرسِ اعدا سے
نورِ حق بجھ نہ سکے گا نفسِ اعدا سے

I-31 Chasm-i-aqwām sē makhfi hae ḥaqiqat tēri
Hae abhi mehfil-i-hasti ko darūrat tēri
Zinda rakhti hae zamāne ko ḥarārat tēri
Kawkab-i-qismat-i-imkān hae khilāfat tēri
Waqt-i-fursat hae kahāṇ kām abhi bāqi hae
Nūr-i-tawhid ka itmām abhi bāqi hae

Yet other nation, have not seen
What is thy true worth.
The realm of Being has thy need
For perfecting, this earth.

By thy breath lives the world,
And is kept animate,
And thou shalt its, fated leader
And thou shalt its star of fate.

There's no spell for idle rest,
Much still remains to be done,
Thou have yet to strew "Tawhid,'
The shout that, "God is one"!

چشمِ اقوام سے مخفی ہے حقیقت تیری

ہے ابھی محفلِ ہستی کو ضرورت تیری

زندہ رکھتی ہے زمانے کو حرارت تیری

کوکبِ قسمتِ امکاں ہے خلافت تیری

وقتِ فرصت ہے کہاں کام ابھی باقی ہے

نورِ توحید کا اتمام ابھی باقی ہے

I-32 Mithl-i-bū qaed hae ghunchē mēṇ, parēshāṇ hō jā
Rakht bar dōsh-i-hawā-i-chamanistāṇ hō jā
Hae tunak māyā, to dharrē sē bayābān hō jā
Naghma-i-mawj se hangāma-i-ṭūfāṇ hō jā
Quwwat-i-'ishq se har past ko bālā kar dē
Dehr mēṇ ism-i-muḥammad sē ujāla kar dē

Thou art like scent in the bud,
Disperse thyself: get release.
Load thy pack upon thy shoulder
Fan the meadow with thy breeze.

From dusty speck, to infinite
Vastness let it increase.
From gentle wave, a tempest grow
The roaring of the seas!

With the power of love
Raise the lowest to fame,
Enlighten thou the groping world
With Muhammad's beaming name

مثلِ بُو قید ہے غنچے میں، پریشاں ہو جا
رخت بردوش ہوائے چمنستاں ہو جا
ہے تنک مایہ تو ذرّے سے بیاباں ہو جا
نغمۂ موج ہے، ہنگامۂ طوفاں ہو جا
قوّتِ عشق سے ہر پست کو بالا کر دے
دہر میں اسمِ محمدؐ سے اُجالا کر دے

I-33 Hō na yē phūl to bulbul kā trannum bhi na hō
Chaman-i-dahr mēn kalyōn ka tabassum bhi na hō
Ye na sāqi ho to phir mae bhi na hō, khum bhi na hō
Bazm-i-tawhid bhi dunyā mēn na hō, tum bhi na hō
Khaema aflāk ka istāda isi nām se hae
Nabd-i-hasti tapash āmāda isi nām se hae

If this flower blossoms not,
The nightingale will not sing,
Nor buds make the garden smile
Welcoming in the spring.

If he is not the "Saqi" then
Nor vessel nor wine will be,
Nor in the world "Tawhid" shine,
Nor thy heart wags in thee.

Beneath the giant sky's tent,
This name like pole sustains,
And treading to its music, streams
The blood in life's veins

ہو نہ یہ پھول تو بلبل کا ترنم بھی نہ ہو

چمنِ دہر میں کلیوں کا تبسم بھی نہ ہو

یہ نہ ساقی ہو تو پھر مے بھی نہ ہو خم بھی نہ ہو

بزمِ توحید بھی دنیا میں نہ ہو تم بھی نہ ہو

خیمۂ افلاک کا استادہ اسی نام سے ہے

نبضِ ہستی تپش آمادہ اسی نام سے ہے

J-34 Dasht mēṇ, dāman-i-kohsār mēṇ, maedān mēṇ hae
Baḥr mēṇ, mawj ki āghōsh mēṇ, ṭūfān mēṇ hae
Chin kē sher, marāqash ke bayābān mēṇ hae
Awr pōshida musalmān kē imān mēṇ hae
Chasm-i-aqwām ye naẓẓara abad tak dēkhē
Rif'at-i-shān-i-rafa'nā laka dhikrak dēkhē

He is in the dales and hills,
And on the poised plains.
On the seas, in the lap of waves,
In bellows of hurricanes.

His music is heard in China,
In Morocco's desert - His song.
He is hidden in Muslim's heart,
Which makes his faith grow strong

Let all the people on the earth,
See till the eternal time.
And testify Our saying,
We have made thy name sublime'.

دشت میں، دامنِ کہسار میں، میدان میں ہے

بحر میں، موج کی آغوش میں، طوفان میں ہے

چین کے شہر، مراقش کے بیابان میں ہے

اور پوشیدہ مسلمان کے ایمان میں ہے

چشمِ اقوام یہ نظارہ ابد تک دیکھے

رفعتِ شانِ رَفَعْنَا لَکَ ذِکْرَکَ دیکھے

I-35 Mardum-i-chasm-i-zamīn ya'nī wo kālī dunyā
Wo tumhāre shuhadā palne wālī dunyā
Garmīyē mehr kī parwardah, hilālī dunyā
'Ishq wālē use kehtē haen bilālī dunyā
Tapash andōz hae is nām se pārē kī tarah
Ghōṭah zan nūr mēn hae ānkh ke tāre kī tarah

The black regions of the globe,
That pupil of the eye of earth,
That land which nursed the martyrs
The land of their birth.

The land of fervid love,
That land of the - Hilal
Which lovers faith fondly calls
That land of their "Bilal".

It glitters like mercury
At the echo of His name
Like a sparkle in the eye
Dunked in "Noor", divine flame!

مردمِ چشمِ زمیں یعنی وہ کالی دنیا

وہ تمھارے شہدا پالنے والی دنیا

گرمیِ مہر کی پروردہ ہلالی دنیا

عشق والے جسے کہتے ہیں بلالی دنیا

تپش اندوز ہے اس نام سے پارے کی طرح

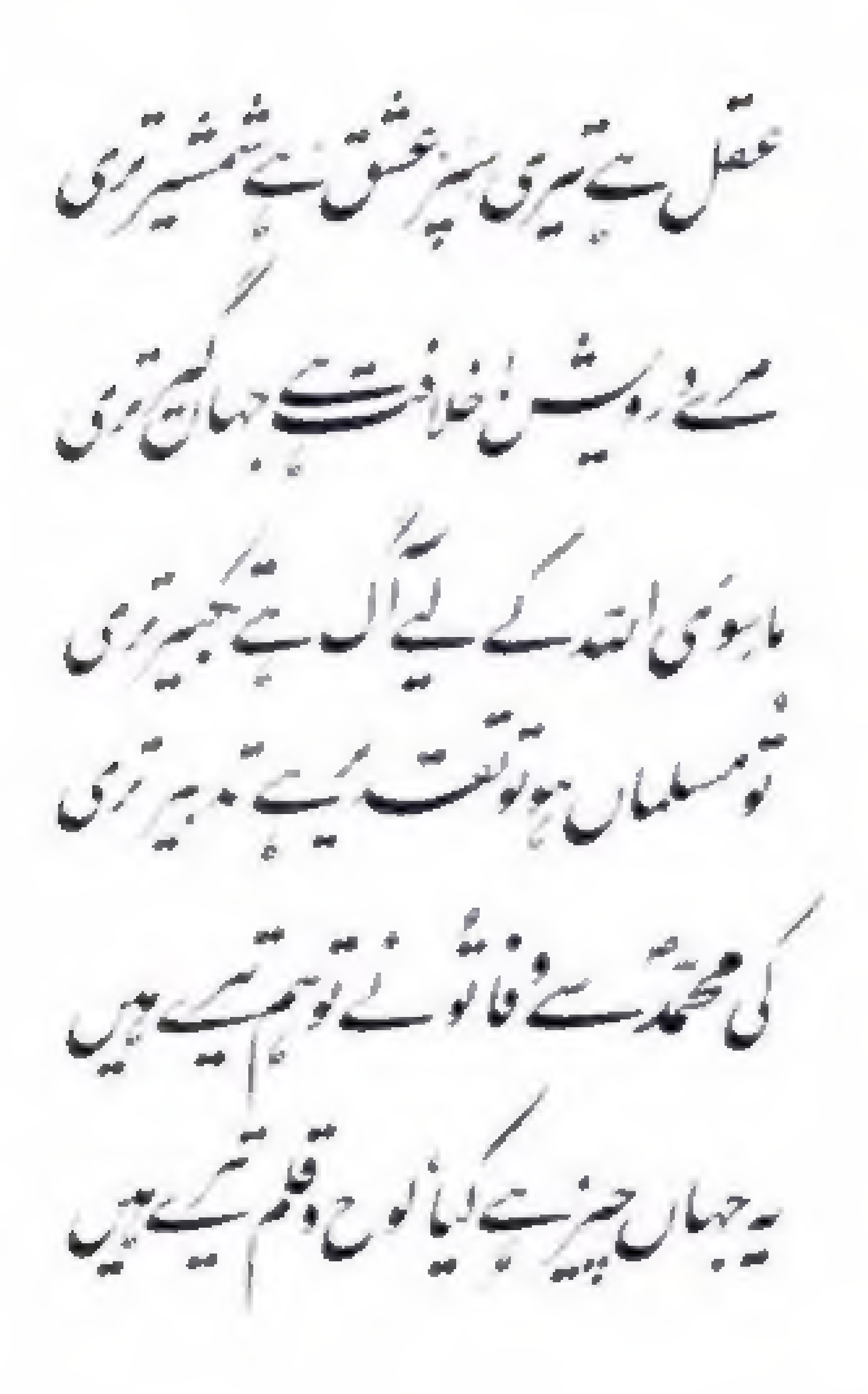
غوطہ زن نور میں ہے آنکھ کے تارے کی طرح

I-36. 'Aql hae tēri sipar, 'ishq hae shamshir tiri
Mire darwēsh khilafat hae jahangir tiri
Mā siwa Allāh ke li'ē āg hae takbir tiri
Tu musalmāṇ hō to taqdir hae tadbir tiri
Ki muḥammad se wafa tū ne to ham tērē haeṇ
Yeh jahāṇ chiz he kae kiyā, lawḥ-o-qalam tērē haeṇ

Wisdom is thy shield and sword
The flaring Love Divine,
So accoutered, my "Dervish"
Seize the world, it is thine?

God is great, is sparkling flame
The sounds of thy "Takbeer" great;
If thou art a true Muslim,
Thy elbow greeze, thy fate.

If thou break not faith with "Muhammad",
We shell always remain, for thee:
What alone is this universe,
TheTablet and our Pen, "THY" PRIZE SHALL BE"


عقل ہے تیری سپر عشق ہے شمشیر تری
مرے درویش! خلافت ہے جہاں گیر تری
ماسوی اللہ کے لیے آگ ہے تکبیر تری
تو مسلماں ہو تو تقدیر ہے تدبیر تری
کی محمدؐ سے وفا تو نے تو ہم تیرے ہیں
یہ جہاں چیز ہے کیا لوح و قلم تیرے ہیں